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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

by

Eric Seward

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"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MELANIE  
THE VALEYARD  
THE INQUISITOR  
THE KEEPER  
MR. POPPLEWICK  
THE MASTER  
SABALOM GLITZ

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Trial Room/Corridor  
Valeyard's Tardis Console Room  
Tunnel  
Time Vent

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Mud Flats  
Alley

\* \* \* \* \*

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SUPOSE CAM      Opening  
                    Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR is slowly  
being pulled down into  
the mud.

THE DOCTOR: Kill me and you will  
never gain my remaining regenerations!

VALEYARD: (V.O.) But you've already  
signed them away.



THE DOCTOR: To J.J. Chambers, not to you.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) For the sake of this charade I am J.J. Chambers. I thought you understood - you are in a world entirely of my making.

THE DOCTOR: Then I deny your world!

1. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS  
CONTROL ROOM  
REDRESSED.

ON THE SCREEN WE  
CAN SEE THE DOCTOR.

SOMEWHERE IN THE  
ROOM IS A SEALED  
ENTRANCE TO WHAT WE  
SHALL LATER LEARN  
IS A TIME VENT.

PULL BACK TO SHOW  
THE VALEYARD. NEARBY  
WE CAN SEE GLITZ  
WHO APPEARS TO BE IN  
A TRANCE)

VALEYARD: So you keep saying ...  
but you know you haven't the strength.  
I have perfected the talent for mind  
control and illusion you chose to  
neglect.

THE DOCTOR: Illusion is for the  
theatre, not real life.

VALEYARD: It is an honoured Time  
Lord cult!

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

The 'slime' hands have gone.

But THE DOCTOR has now sunk up to his waist.

(Note: the sinking process should be shown in scene one if THE DOCTOR is displayed on the Valeyard's screen).

THE DOCTOR: Not any longer. As with mind linking and levitation, it is only seriously practiced nowadays by children's entertainers and the weak minded.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Feeble provocation, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Then here's a bit more. Do you really think the High Council is any longer in a position to ratify the so-called deal it has with you?

2. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

VALEYARD: I have an inviolable agreement.

THE DOCTOR: Rubbish! Such a covenant, could only be lodged in the matrix.

VALEYARD: That is correct - pledged signed and sealed by each and every member of the High Council. The moment you die, your unused lives will be transferred to me.

THE DOCTOR: If you really believed that, you would have killed me at the first opportunity.

VALEYARD: I wish to savour the moment of my death. After all, how many people survive successful self murder?



TELECINE 3:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR has sunk  
even lower into the  
mud.

THE DOCTOR: I've heard more sense  
from a lobotomised speelsnape.  
The truth of the matter is that you've  
lost your nerve! Too many games have  
been played with the matrix for you  
to be able to trust either it or the  
High Council.



3. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

VALEYARD: I dictated the contract myself. I know that it is inviolable!

THE DOCTOR: I'd have another look if I were you. Check the small print - and I mean the small print they inserted after the deal was struck.

VALEYARD: You will have to try harder than that, Doctor.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR: Whether you like it or not, you are the Chief prosecution witness against the High Council. When they come to court, as they certainly will, things would be much easier if you weren't around to contradict their lies. Kill me and you kill yourself. That is the only contract the High Council will ratify.

Suddenly there is a loud, electronic noise.

THE DOCTOR: What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR struggles to free himself from the mud.

From his P.O.V. we see the SHAPE of a MAN attempting to materialise.

4. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE SCREEN IS  
FILLED WITH SHASH.

THE VALEYARD  
FRANTICALLY FIDDLES  
WITH HIS CONSOLE)

VALEYARD: (URGENTLY) What is  
happening?

(HE PRODS ANOTHER  
BUTTON AND A 'STILL'  
IMAGE OF THE MASTER  
FORMS OUT OF THE  
SHASH)

I should have known. You never could  
mind your own business.

TELECINE 5:

a) Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

For a moment the IMAGE  
comes and goes then  
slowly stabilises.

Is is the MASTER.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, no ... It would  
have to be you.

MASTER: Show a little gratitude,  
my dear Doctor. I am here at enormous  
inconvenience to myself.

THE DOCTOR: My apologies. I'm  
grateful. Now please get me, out!

The MASTER crosses  
to THE DOCTOR,  
grabs his hand and  
starts to pull.

Slowly THE DOCTOR  
oozes from the mud.

MASTER: I didn't realise illusions  
could be so messy.

THE DOCTOR: Now what?

MASTER: The difficult part - concentrate



b) Ext. Narrow Alley.  
Night.

A thick patch of  
swirling fog.

THE DOCTOR and MASTER  
step from it, THE  
DOCTOR'S showing no  
signs of his muddy  
encounter.

THE DOCTOR: We're still in the matrix.

MASTER: It's worse than that - you're  
still in the Valeyard's illusion.

THE DOCTOR: Surely you can get me  
out of something so elementary.

MASTER: Not when he is sustaining it  
by drawing power from the very core of  
the matrix. Although I may appear to  
be my usual suave, urbane self, I am  
in fact using up massive amounts  
of energy to sustain my presence.

THE DOCTOR: There has to be some  
way out!

MASTER: (NODS) But one that you  
must find alone ...

The MASTER groans  
as his images  
shimmers.

MASTER: I will do what I can to  
help ... (cont ...)

The MASTER begins  
to fade.

MASTER: (cont) But the Valeyard's  
power is very strong.

Suddenly the MASTER  
is gone.

THE DOCTOR: Allied with my worst  
enemy against a future version  
myself ...

Shakes his head  
sorrowfully.

THE DOCTOR: Something has gone very  
wrong.

THE DOCTOR looks  
around and shudders  
at the gloom and  
depressive atmosphere  
of the alley.

He then turns to  
move off, but almost  
bumps into the  
rainwater barrel.

He smiles weakly  
as he sidesteps it.

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERS) Careful.  
(cont ...)

But his smile  
fades when he notices  
on the ground the wet,  
grotesque footprints  
of whatever was in  
the barrel.

THE DOCTOR follows  
the tracks with his  
eyes.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Perhaps not.

He turns one hundred  
and eighty degrees  
only to find another  
set of footprints.

THE DOCTOR: (ANGRILY) Is this the  
best you can do? So much power,  
yet so little imagination!

A harsh, evil  
laugh is heard.

5. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
ON THE SCREEN)

VALEYARD: So you think I lack  
imagination - we shall see, Doctor.

(GLITZ CONTINUES  
TO STARE BLANKLY  
AHEAD)



MODEL SHOT 1:

Deep Space.

The gigantic station  
emblazened against the  
void of space.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

6. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MEMBERS OF THE  
COURT STAND  
AROUND QUIETLY  
CHATTING.

IN ONE CORNER THE  
INQUISITOR IS IN  
EARNEST CONVERSATION  
WITH A SENIOR  
MEMBER OF THE COURT.

THE KEEPER AND  
MELANIE ARE BEFORE  
THE MATRIX SCREEN)

MELANIE: Where's the Master gone?

KEEPER: Who can tell. This is so  
typical of him - a most confusing  
and aggravating fellow.

MELANIE: He won't abandon the Doctor?

KEEPER: I fear that that whatever he  
does will be exclusively for his own  
convenience.

(THE INQUISITOR  
SWEEPS IMPORTANTLY  
ACROSS THE ROOM.

INQUISITOR CONSPIRATORIALLY  
IN THE KEEPER'S EAR)

INQUISITOR: I've just heard that the High Council has resigned.

KEEPER: That was to be expected.

INQUISITOR: But it has thrown Gallifrey into turmoil! I tell you, Keeper, our position could become rather delicate.

KEEPER: Do they yet know of the events that have taken place here?

INQUISITOR: (SHAKES HER HEAD) Neither must they. Knowledge that the matrix has been violated could lead to civil war.

KEEPER: Worse still, it could lead to our execution!

INQUISITOR: Your execution. I'm but a humble magistrate, you are the Keeper of the Matrix.

MELANIE: Help the Doctor find the valeyard and no-one need ever know what happened here.

KEEPER: If only it were that simple, child ... (SHAKES HEAD) But I fear it is all far too late for secrets.

7. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(ON THE SCREEN,  
WATCHED BY THE  
VALEYARD, WE SEE  
THE DOCTOR MOVING  
ALONG THE SECTION  
OF THE ALLEY WITH  
DOORWAYS.

THE VALEYARD THEN  
TURNS TO GLITZ  
AND SNAPS HIS  
FINGERS.

INSTANTLY GLITZ  
STUMBLES OUT OF  
HIS TRANCE)

VALEYARD: I thought you might like  
to see this, Sabalom Glitz.

(GLITZ, CONFUSED  
BUT ANGRY, LOOKS  
AROUND)

GLITZ: What did you do to me?

VALEYARD: Cocooned your mind in an  
illusion.

GLITZ: It was horrible!

VALEYARD: For that, you must blame  
yourself. The form of mind deception  
I employed extrapolated upon on your  
inner most fears and fantasies.



GLITZ: Even I'm not that disgusting!

VALEYARD: Now that you've been restored to reality, the trauma will soon pass.

GLITZ: Except I don't like being humiliated!

VALEYARD: In my world you either co-operate, which you refused to do, or suffer the consequences.

GLITZ: Tacky little platitudes seem to drip from you like sweat from a speelsnape's armpit!

VALEYARD: It is the burden of being cast as a villain. Somehow restrained dialogue seems to lack sufficient tone.

GLITZ: Then maybe you need a new role.

VALEYARD: I'm sure experience will provide the necessary fine tuning.

GLITZ: Not if I have my way. As a rule, I'm usually too much of a coward to be violent ...

(ADVANCES MENACINGLY  
TOWARDS THE VALEYARD)

But for you, I'm gonna make the exception!

(THE VALEYARD STABS  
A FINGER AT GLITZ  
AND THE POOR,  
UNFORTUNATE MAN IS  
ENVELOPED IN A  
COLUMN OF FLAME.

GLITZ SCREAMS  
AND SCREAMS)

VALEYARD: Such futile gestures only  
induce excessive violence.

(HE WAVES HIS HAND  
AND THE FLAME  
IS GONE)

More illusion, Sabalom Glitz.

(A FLABBERGASTED  
GLITZ STOPS TRYING  
TO SMOOTHER THE  
IMAGINERY FLAMES)

GLITZ: I felt the pain and everything!

VALEYARD: Even other Time Lords  
cannot resist my power.

(POINTS AT THE  
DOCTOR ON THE  
SCREEN)

Let me show you.

TELECINE 6:

a) Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR approaches a doorway, checks that it is empty, then moves on.

Reaching the next doorway, he repeats the procedure only this time we see, from his P.O.V. that it is empty.

As he moves on, a MAN wearing the black habit of a monk steps from what we had seen as an empty doorway, extends a gnarled HAND and prods THE DOCTOR in the back.

Startled, the TIME LORD spins round.

POPPLEWICK: Looking for something, sir?

THE DOCTOR: Mr. Poppelwell?

POPPLEWICK: Popplewick, actually, sir.

Throws back his cowl and starts to remove the gnarled coverings from his hands.



THE DOCTOR: Do you get extra for dressing up? Or is it some sort of fetish?

POPPLEWICK: I sense a certain hostility, sir.

THE DOCTOR grabs  
POPPLEWICK'S ARM.

THE DOCTOR: You'll sense considerably more if you don't tell me where the Valeyard is.

POPPLEWICK: (SIGHS) Such aggression, sir. And me just a humble messenger.

THE DOCTOR: Seedle warriors used to kill messengers who brought bad news.

POPPLEWICK: Always an unruly lot, sir. But fortunately the message I bring will placate and soothe sir. Mr. Chambers has granted you an appointment.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard?

POPPLEWICK: The very one, sir.

THE DOCTOR releases  
him.

THE DOCTOR: Then lead on.

POPPLEWICK: First we must collect a friend of yours, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Sabalom Glitz?



POPPLEWICK: No, sir. He's already with Mr. Chambers, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Will you stop calling me 'sir'.

POPPLEWICK: Of course, sir. No, sir, the young person concerned is a Miss Melanie Bush, sir.

THE DOCTOR: She's here?

POPPLEWICK: Followed you into the matrix, sir. Such a foolish thing to do.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. Where is she?

POPPLEWICK indicates a door.

POPPLEWICK: Through there, sir.

THE DOCTOR moves towards the door then pauses.

THE DOCTOR: After you.

POPPLEWICK: (SMILES) You lack trust, sir. This is no trick.

He opens the door.

POPPLEWICK: Follow me, sir.

b) Int. Circular Walkway.

Ideally as dark as possible.

Ideally the CAMERA should be TRACKING.

INTO THE SHOT steps THE DOCTOR and POPPLEWICK.

POPPLEWICK: Not much further, sir.

THE DOCTOR: What a depressing place.

POPPLEWICK: You'll find that it grows on you, sir.

A voice booms along the tunnel.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Doctor!

They halt.

THE DOCTOR: Melanie?

Echoing footsteps are heard running.

THE DOCTOR: Melanie.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Help me, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR stares into the gloom.

THE DOCTOR: (TO POPPLEWICK) What's happening?

No reply.

THE DOCTOR turns and finds that he is alone.

THE DOCTOR: Popplewick. Mr. Popplewick!

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) We must get away ...

THE DOCTOR turns and finds MELANIE behind him.

MELANIE: There's something dreadful down here.

THE DOCTOR: I know - I've just been talking to him.

THE DOCTOR retraces his footsteps.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, this way.

MELANIE: It doesn't really matter which way you go, as you always finish up where you started. This place is circular.

THE DOCTOR: I like circles - they're my favourite shape.

MELANIE: You won't like this one - it hasn't got an entrance.

THE DOCTOR: Must have. If you'd been perambulating in an annular fashion, you should have passed it.



MELANIE: I didn't though.

THE DOCTOR: (SHRUGS) Therefore you can't have been progressing in an orbital way.

MELANIE: Oh no?

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you think you were - explain.

MELANIE: I don't know.

THE DOCTOR: If you don't know, how can you know you've been cruising in a cyclical manner?

MELANIE points at a jagged scar on the wall.

MELANIE: Because I've passed that three times.

THE DOCTOR: Then you should have passed the entrance - yes?

MELANIE: No.

THE DOCTOR: No?

MELANIE: No!

THE DOCTOR: I don't understand. Why are you saying 'no'?

MELANIE: I don't know.



THE DOCTOR: You don't know why you're saying 'no'?

MELANIE: No! I mean yes, I do know why I'm saying 'no'. I'm saying 'no' because I don't know why I've passed the markings three times, and yet haven't passed the entrance!

THE DOCTOR: We're getting very long winded.

MELANIE: (WORRIED) I know. Positively orbital.

THE DOCTOR: Still doesn't explain how you managed to pass the entrance without seeing it.

MELANIE: I can only assume that it's been moved.

THE DOCTOR: As in transportation?

MELANIE: No - hidden ... disguised, maybe.

THE DOCTOR: Would seem rather pointless.

MELANIE: Not unless someone wants us to think we're not orbiting this circulation of a circumference in a peripatetic mode ...

THE DOCTOR: That was quite a mouthful.

MELANIE: What's happening?

THE DOCTOR: It's as though we're becoming obsessed by circumambulation. Added to which a degree of circumloquacious circumvolution has edged into our vocabulary.

MELANIE: Not to mention circular tautology.

THE DOCTOR: What a terrible thought, trapped like mice in an exercise wheel - forever doomed to run around and around and around and get nowhere.

MELANIE: What are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It's as though we're being conditioned to accept, in every respect, the world of the circle.

MELANIE: The most complete shape contained in a single line.

THE DOCTOR: Also the perfect trap.

MELANIE: No beginning. No end. Complete in itself ... let's go round one more time.

THE DOCTOR: There's no point.

MELANIE: Don't you want to escape?

MELANIE is beginning to sound a little mechanical in her delivery which has alerted THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: Of course. But rushing around in circles isn't going to get us anywhere.

MELANIE: I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR: I do.

MELANIE skips off  
like a mechanical  
doll.

MELANIE: Come on Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: You go on. I want to think.

MELANIE O.O.V.  
with lots of  
echo.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Help me, Doctor!  
We must get away. There's something  
dreadful down here etc ...

MELANIE slowly  
fades as she moves  
further away.

THE DOCTOR: I think this is where  
I came in.

POPPLEWICK: (O.O.V.) Dear oh me,  
sir, you're proving far too  
clever for us.

THE DOCTOR turns and  
finds POPPLEWICK  
standing behind him.

POPPLEWICK: This way, sir.

They move off.



TELECINE 6: (cont)

c) Ext. Alley.  
Night.

Dense, swirling fog.

THE DOCTOR and  
POPPLEWICK step from  
it.

POPPLEWICK: You'd better wait here,  
sir. I should think Mr. Chambers  
will want to have a word with you.

THE DOCTOR: You're not by any chance  
that particular gentleman?

POPPLEWICK: Me, sir? Oh no, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Are you sure?

THE DOCTOR grabs at  
POPPLEWICK's robe  
and suddenly finds  
he is holding an  
empty garment.

POPPLEWICK: (V.O.) I told you,  
sir - I'm just a humble servant ...  
(FADING) An illusion created by  
the man you seek.

THE DOCTOR lets  
the robe fall to  
the ground.



8. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(ON THE SCREEN WE  
SEE THE DOCTOR  
START TO PACE UP  
AND DOWN THE ALLEY)

GLITZ: So much for mind control.

VALEYARD: Be silent! Someone must  
have helped him.

GLITZ: Didn't look like it to me.

(THE VALEYARD URGENTLY  
FIDDLES WITH THE  
CONSOLE)

VALEYARD: There is a conspiracy  
somewhere!

GLITZ: I used to think like that  
until I discovered my various  
failures had a lot to do with my  
own incompetence.

VALEYARD: I said be silent!

GLITZ: Shouting at me won't help.

(POINTS AT THE  
DOCTOR ON THE  
SCREEN)

You know as well as I do you can  
no longer risk killing him. So  
why don't you just pack it in  
and forget about it.

VALEYARD: Without The Doctor's other  
lives I shall die.

GLITZ: And if the High Council have  
renaged on the deal you're gonna  
do that anyway.

VALEYARD: There is still a chance.

GLITZ: Oh, yeah?

VALEYARD: Do you know what a Time  
Vent is?

GLITZ: No ... But I've gotta  
horrible feeling you're gonna tell  
me ...

9. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(SCENE MUCH AS BEFORE,  
EXCEPT THAT THE  
INQUISITOR IS PACING  
UP AND DOWN)

INQUISITOR: What is going on?!

KEEPER: (QUIETLY) Please, madam.  
We must maintain a certain decorum  
and dignity.

INQUISITOR: Blast decorum and  
dignity! We have intruders running  
around the matrix causing who knows  
how much havoc.

MASTER: (O.O.V.) You have a right  
to be concerned, madam.

(EVERYONE IN THE  
ROOM TURNS TOWARDS  
THE SCREEN.

THE MASTER SMILES)

Never have I had such an attentive  
audience.

KEEPER: (CONCERNED) The Valeyard  
hasn't done anything irreparable  
to the matrix?

MASTER: Not yet. But then he has  
yet to learn that that his contract  
with the High Council has been  
revoked.

INQUISITOR: How did you hear that?

MASTER: From the same source as you.

KEEPER: I say, it's a bit unethical listening to another -

INQUISITOR: Be quiet, Keeper ...  
(TO THE MASTER) You will also know that the contract was highly illegal. It should never have been drawn up let alone lodged in the matrix.

MASTER: You may find the Valeyard in violent disagreement with you.

KEEPER: The Laws of Time are sacrosanct. Exception can be made for no one.

MASTER: Platitudes are a poor substitute for argument, my dear Keeper, especially when the person they are aimed at has the power to destroy the universe.

INQUISITOR: He isn't capable!

MASTER: Oh, but he is. Somehow the Valeyard has managed to secrete his Tardis in the matrix.

KEEPER: Is there no end to the man's blasphemy!

MASTER: (SMILES) It appears not, my dear Keeper, as he has also materialised around a time vent.

(A REACTION FROM  
THE COURT)



KEEPER: He wouldn't dare open it...  
(LOSING CONVICTION) Would he?

MASTER: It's the only reason he  
would park in such a dangerous  
place.

MELANIE: What's he talking about?

INQUISITOR: Not now, child.

MELANIE: Please! The Doctor's in  
the matrix. I would like to know  
what danger he's in.

INQUISITOR: The same danger as us  
all.

KEEPER: If the Valeyard opens the  
vent, an irratic surge of time will  
enter our stabalised continuum.  
The effect will be devastating -  
like mixing matter and anti-matter.

INQUISITOR: I assume the Valeyard's  
demands are as before?

MASTER: I should think so.

KEEPER: Then he must have The Doctor's  
lives!

MELANIE: No!

KEEPER: I have calculated that if  
the vent were open for more than  
seventy-two seconds, our time continuum  
would be irrevocably damaged.

MELANIE: You can't sacrifice the Doctor!

INQUISITOR: Neither can we allow the Valeyard to destroy the universe.

MELANIE: But if you give into his blackmail now, he will return with even more outrageous demands.

INQUISITOR: You have a point, but one we may have to learn to live with ... (TO KEEPER) Unless we could destroy the Valeyard in his Tardis?

KEEPER: Not without the risk of accidentally opening the time vent.

MASTER: Neither could you send troops - assuming you have any.

INQUISITOR: Then we have no other choice - we must buy time by placating him.

KEEPER: Correction, madam Inquisitor - the immediate death of the Doctor would also destroy the Valeyard.

MELANIE: No!

INQUISITOR: It would also cause a great deal of time disturbance.

KEEPER: No more than fulfilling the High Council's original agreement. Surely it is better to experience a small hic-up in time than suffer another renegade Time Lord causing havoc?

INQUISITOR: Perhaps ... But to want  
the Doctor's death is one thing -  
to achieve it is another..

KEEPER: Perhaps the Master would  
like to offer a suggestion ...

(ON THE MASTER: HE  
LAUGHS HIS EVIL  
LAUGH)

10. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE VALEYARD FIDDLES  
WITH A SERIES OF  
SWITCHES ON THE  
CONSOLE.

GLITZ LOOKS WORRIED)

GLITZ: Look, you're taking this  
villain stuff much too far. You  
don't wanna go round opening time  
vents.

VALEYARD: Are you afraid of death?

GLITZ: Of course I am!

VALEYARD: Then you know how I feel.

GLITZ: But what you're proposing's  
too extreme! It isn't right that  
you should knock off everyone else  
because you've got the hump about  
dying.

VALEYARD: When I have the power,  
the right to use it becomes a  
redundant issue.

GLITZ: Look, negotiate with the  
Time Lords. Tell 'em what you've  
got in mind.

VALEYARD: They will already know.

GLITZ: At least check! You can't  
know for certain.



(SUDDENLY THE SCREEN  
IS FILLED WITH SHUSH.

THE VALEYARD FIDDLES  
WITH THE CONTROLS  
AND WE SEE A "STILL"  
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE  
MASTER)

VALEYARD: I do - because that's  
who told them.

(THE VALEYARD STABS  
AT A BUTTON ON THE  
CONSOLE)

GLITZ: You don't wanna do anything  
silly.

VALEYARD: Explosive bolts primed.

GLITZ: No!

(THE VALEYARD FLICKS  
A SWITCH AND THE  
BOLTS SECURING THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE VENT  
EXPLODE)

VALEYARD: All that is necessary  
now is for me to ease the door open.

(ON GLITZ: HE IS  
TERRIFIED)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR stands before the "Fantasy Factory" sign, removes an old-fashioned Scout's penknife and opens the stone removing spike.

He then moves towards the door, bends down, inserts the spike into the lock, and starts to wiggle it around.

The air is filled with harsh, tense sounds.

THE DOCTOR continues to work on the lock.

Suddenly something black is pressed hard against his head.

Slowly THE DOCTOR turns and looks up into the face of the MASTER.

We then see that the black object are the index and third finger of a gloved hand pretending to be the barrel of a gun.

MASTER: The Inquisitor and Keeper want you dead.

THE DOCTOR: Why not oblige and become a local hero?

MASTER: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) It would ruin my anti-establishment image.

THE DOCTOR stands up  
and pockets his knife.

MASTER: Anyway, I'm not certain their plan would work.

THE DOCTOR: Destroying me to get at the Valeyard?

MASTER: That's right. Only I think he would sense your death before the terminal effect reached him.

THE DOCTOR: I'm delighted by your concern.

MASTER: Only because your naughty future self has control of a time vent. Such impetuosity, my dear Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Which I must put to an end.

MASTER: I think you'll find that is easier said than done.

THE DOCTOR: Not if I offer him what he wants.

MASTER: I somehow knew you would be sentimental enough to say that.

THE DOCTOR: Makes a change for you to be right ... As a matter of interest, what did the Inquisitor offer you for my death?

MASTER: That my past misdemeanours be forgotten.

THE DOCTOR: That was a bit of an insult.

MASTER: Precisely what I thought, especially as I'm rather proud of them.

He slowly starts to fade.

MASTER: Oh, dear, running out of power. Good luck in your struggle against the Valeyard ... I fear you shall need it.

And the MASTER is gone.

THE DOCTOR: Good luck! Makes me wonder if I'm doing the right thing... (CALLS) Valeyard! I know you can hear me.



11. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(ON THE SCREEN THE  
REMAINDER OF THE  
SHUSH CLEARS AND  
WE CAN SEE THE  
DOCTOR.

THE VALEYARD IS  
STANDING NEXT TO  
THE TIME VENT)

THE DOCTOR: I want to make a deal  
with you.

(THE VALEYARD  
DOESN'T REPLY)

GLITZ: Go on, answer him!

(THE VALEYARD MOVES  
TOWARDS THE CONSOLE)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR: The Master's told me  
you control a time vent.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) So?

THE DOCTOR: You don't really want  
to open it, not when you've won...

12. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

THE DOCTOR: My remaining lives.

VALEYARD: The Time Lords will never permit it.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR: I hear they're only  
too eager ... Come on, let me in  
so that we can talk properly.

There is a brief  
pause, then slowly  
the door to the  
"Fantasy Factory"  
creaks open.

Cautiously THE  
DOCTOR crosses  
to it.



13. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(AS BEFORE.

SUDDENLY THE SCREEN  
FLICKERS INTO LIFE  
AND WE SEE THE  
MASTER)

MASTER: We may yet win. The Valeyard  
has allowed the Doctor to enter his  
Tardis.

(CONCERNED THE  
INQUISITOR TURNS  
TO THE KEEPER)

INQUISITOR: Is it possible for the  
same body to exist in close proximity  
with itself?

KEEPER: (NODS) The matrix, like  
the trial room, is outside of a  
time.

MELANIE: Is the Doctor all right?

MASTER: For the time being.

MELANIE: Would it be possible to  
see him?

MASTER: Precisely what I had  
intended.

(THE MASTER FADES  
AND WE SEE THE  
DOCTOR ENTERING  
THE VALEYARD'S  
CONTROL ROOM)

MELANIE: Doctor!

INQUISITOR: He won't be able to  
hear you, child.

14. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR STANDS  
BY THE DOOR, THE  
VALEYARD BY THE  
ENTRANCE TO THE  
TIME VENT)

THE DOCTOR: I see that you've already  
blown the bolts.

VALEYARD: I am not bluffing about  
the time vent.

THE DOCTOR: Then go ahead.

GLITZ: Do you think it wise to  
provoke psychotic sociopaths to  
extremes of violence?

THE DOCTOR: You over estimate him.  
He's just a pathetic old man  
frightened of dying!

VALEYARD: You lied! You never  
intended to surrender your lives.

THE DOCTOR: That's right.

GLITZ: What are you saying!

THE DOCTOR: However did I develop  
into such a pathetic individual?  
You've allowed the High Council,  
of all people, to manipulate you  
from beginning to end. You even  
connived in their pathetic endeavours  
to cover-up the near destruction of  
Earth - supposedly your favourite planet!  
(cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) You've destroyed the credibility of the matrix, along with what was left of the Time Lord's reputation. And for what? - so that you may extend your miserable life!

(THE DOCTOR WALKS  
PURPOSELY TOWARDS  
THE VALEYARD)

VALEYARD: Keep back!

THE DOCTOR: You don't deserve to live.

(SUDDENLY THE VALEYARD  
SLAMS DOWN HARD ON A  
LEVER AND THE DOOR  
FLIES OPEN.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT  
FLOODS INTO THE ROOM  
ACCOMPANIED BY WHAT  
SOUNDS LIKE A MASSIVE,  
PRIMEVAL ROAR. IT'S  
AS THOUGH PANDORA'S  
BOX HAS BEEN OPENED.

THE ROOM VIBRATES  
AND SLOWLY BEGINS  
TO DISTORT.

GLITZ COWERS AGAINST  
A WALL AS THE DOCTOR  
STRUGGLES TO REACH  
THE VALEYARD)



15. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(STUNNED, EVERYONE  
IN THE ROOM IS  
GATHERED AROUND  
THE SCREEN WATCHING)

KEEPER: He's mad! What is he trying  
to do?

16. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE ROOM HAS BECOME  
MORE DISTORTED, THE  
ROAR EVEN LOUDER.

THE DOCTOR REACHES  
THE VALEYARD, GRABS  
HIM AND PUSHES HIM  
TOWARDS THE OPEN  
VENT.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS,  
LOCKS HIS ARMS  
AROUND THE VALEYARD  
AND THEY CONTINUE TO  
STRUGGLE.

SUDDENLY, THE DUO  
ARE ON THE EDGE  
OF THE VENT STILL  
FIGHTING.

A MOMENT LATER THEY  
HAVE FALLEN IN)

17. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(C.U. MELANIE)

MELANIE: (SCREAMS) No!

18. INT. TIME VENT.

(THE VALEYARD AND  
THE DOCTOR, TWIST,  
TURN AND TUMBLE AS  
THEY FREEFALL)



19. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE ROOM CONTINUES  
TO DISTORT.

SUDDENLY THE MASTER  
APPEARS ON THE  
SCREEN)

MASTER: Glitz!

(THE BEMUSED MAN  
SLOWLY RESPONDS)

There is very little time. You must  
close the vent door!

(GLITZ STAGGERS  
ACROSS TO THE  
DOOR AND WITH  
MUCH EFFORT  
CLOSES AND SECURES  
THE DOOR.

THE DISTORTION  
CONTINUES TO GROW  
WORSE)

GLITZ: What's happening?

MASTER: The time spillage. You  
must get out at once!

GLITZ: But I'll get lost in the  
matrix.

MASTER: I'll guide you. Now hurry!

20. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THERE IS MUCH RELIEF  
ALL ROUND, ALTHOUGH  
MELANIE IS QUIETLY  
CRYING)

KEEPER: He only just closed that  
door in time. A few more seconds  
and - well I dread to think about  
it.

INQUISITOR: The matrix must be made  
secure. We cannot risk another such  
occurrence.

21. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE MASTER AND  
GLITZ STAGGER OUT  
OF THE HIDDEN  
ENTRANCE TO THE  
MATRIX, CROSS TO  
THE TWO CASKETS AND  
SIT DOWN.

BOTH MEN ARE  
EXHAUSTED)

GLITZ: It's time for me to retire.

MASTER: You've hardly begun. With  
the Doctor out of the way - the  
universe is ours.

(HE LAUGHS HIS EVIL  
LAUGH)

GLITZ: I'll tell you what ...

(HE LIFTS THE  
LID OF HIS  
CASKET AND  
CLIMBS IN)

You can have my half as well ...

MASTER: Thank you - I accept.

GLITZ: Good - 'cause all I wanna  
do is go home.

(HE SLAMS THE LID  
DOWN ON HIMSELF  
AS THE MASTER  
CONTINUES TO LAUGH  
EVEN LOUDER)



22. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MEL APPROACHES THE  
INQUISITOR AND  
KEEPER)

MELANIE: I would like to be returned  
to my own time and planet.

INQUISITOR: Of course, child.

MELANIE: I shall miss the Doctor  
very much.

INQUISITOR: We all will ...  
(PRODS THE KEEPER) Won't we, Keeper?

KEEPER: What? Oh, yes - of course.

MELANIE: Will you ever be able to  
retrieve his body?

KEEPER: Shouldn't think so. Can't  
risk re-opening the vent. If they  
want to get out, it'll have to be  
through their own ingenuity.

MELANIE: I beg your pardon.  
(OVERJOYED) The Doctor is still  
alive?

23. INT. TIME VENT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
THE VALEYARD  
FALLING AND  
TUMBLING AS  
BEFORE)

INQUISITOR: (V.O.) Of course, child -  
they both are.

MELANIE: (V.O.) I didn't know.

KEEPER: (V.O.) Mind you, getting out  
of that mess won't be easy.

MELANIE: (V.O.) I'm sure the Doctor'll  
succeed - he must!

KEEPER: (V.O.) If he doesn't, the  
vent will remain his prison for  
eternity!

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Titles:

FADE OUT